THE

Student's Own Magazine

FOR INDIA, BURMA & CEYLON

A Monthly Journal of Education

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NOTES.

APPALLING is the stealthiness with which exams approach. Whatever be the period of study, and however dimly distant the fateful day appeared when we made our first cheerful calculations, and optimistically "mapped-out" our work, there have been few men—we have known only one or two—to whom the exam. did not come with the alarming suddenness of a thunderbolt; and most of the complacent few are complacent with the same carelessness that will fail them! Just as the best public speakers are often those who tremble most before their speech begins, so students who are to gain distinction for life in an examination-room often feel, as they approach it, that most certainly horror will not permit them to write a single intelligible word. The man who does *know* his work is almost certain to "get going".

Very often confidence is confined to those who ought to feel hopeless; but if one *has* a fair chance of passing, confidence is one of the best of friends. You usually win a tennis match if you are confident you're going to win it—that is, not roisteringly but quietly confident. There is a Biblical saying that strength is a combination of confidence and quietness. That sort of feeling is a great defence in exams. Once, in Oxford, a man told us, two or three months before his final exam, that he "had finished". He was quite ready. He had two years of solid reading for that exam behind him, and—his work was done: nothing left except to wait, quietly look up a few knotty points once more, and, for the rest, simply "get fresh" again, and have his mind clear and elastic for the great ordeal. He was perfectly right, too, about himself. He secured one of the most brilliant degrees of his year; and that without any straining or worry.

But that deliberate, steady, self-knowing type of study is possible to comparatively few. Most students, as they work, find Alps beyond Alps arising all the way; and the most appalling and inaccessible "Alp" often displays its untrodden, unexplored

summit within the last week. And sometimes, alas, the examination paper is an Alpine, unknown land. Happy, and enviable, and *to be imitated* are those who, long before, have made a deliberate survey of all the ground, and calculated, and carefully apportioned their time.

In Oxford there is a delightful plan (not universal, but very common) of "going down"—that is, leaving Oxford—for a week or two just before an important examination. Some of the tutors recommend their students to stop work altogether for a full week, and go away and have a thoroughly idle, jovial time, that they may come back in great spirits, and in all the freshness of their powers. Perhaps *that* plan would not work with most people: think of the melancholy—the—horror—of *coming back* to the supreme unjoviality of an exam. Such a sudden change from the genial to the frigid is a refined Miltonic torture; better to freeze without a break till freezing time is over. But most of the undergraduates who go away for a while arrange things more sensibly. They go in parties (big enough to banish melancholy) to some bright, healthy seaside place, or some delightful remote cottage high up on the Chiltern hills; and while they take a book or two with them, the books are "by the way:" the main idea is simply to "get fit". And they come back with quite a fresh, vivid view of things, and there is hardly anything that, in an examination, counts quite so much as that.

Mention of these excursions reminds us of another similar sort of party that often sets out from Oxford or Cambridge—the "reading party". For the Oxford or the Cambridge man, the vacation is the principal working-time, and it is better to work in company than in solitude, and in bracing air than in that of towns. Hence it is very common for a number of undergraduates to take their way together to some secluded and refreshing place, there to spend a strenuous and delightful vacation. Often they go to the coast of Normandy, sometimes to Scotland; oftenest, perhaps, to pleasant villages among the hills. The classic instance of such a party is one in which Arthur Hugh Clough took part, and which he has immortalised in his poem, "The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich."

Readers will remember that it was upon Clough that Mathew Arnold's great elegy, "Thyrsis," was written; and perhaps they know too, that this poem, "The Bothie," is the best example in English of the use of the classical dactylic hexameter. Here is a rather typical specimen:—

Duly there they bathed and daily, the twain or the trio,
Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite
Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended;
Beautiful, very to gaze in ere plunging; beautiful also,
Perfect as picture, as vision entrancing that comes to the sightless,
Through the great granite jambs the stream, the glen, and the mountain,
Beautiful, seen by snatches in intervals of dressing,
Morn after morn, unsought for, recurring; themselves too seeming
Not as spectators, accepted into it, immingled, as truly
Part of it as are the kine in the field lying there by the birches.
So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen and forest;

Far amid blackest pines to the waterfall they shadow,
Far up the long, long glen to the loch, and the loch beyond it
Deep, under huge red cliffs, a secret; and oft by the starlight,
Or the aurora, perchance, racing home for the eight o'clock mutton.
So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery Highland.

Long has the passage between India and Ceylon been a thing of horror. The B. I. Company have magnificent boats on the service, but the mischief is that they have to stop some miles short of Tuticorin, and it is between the big boat and the land that the passengers suffer memorable agonies. The little skiffs which alone can navigate that shallow water have become famous for the drunken light headedness of their movements, and many a man who has defied sea-sickness from London to Colombo finds that his sailorly contempt for his weaker brethren becomes agonised fellow-feeling three miles out from Tuticorin. For a long time now, luckless voyagers have consoled each other between their paroxysms on the skiff, with optimistic prophecy, murmuring,—"Well, well: this is the last time ! Next time we cross, the Railway will be finished." There are signs in the air that this salvation will not be much longer delayed. Recently the London correspondent of "Indian Industries and Power" wrote as follows :—

"Towards the end of last month there was launched at Glasgow the first of three turbine ferry steamers which are being built for the S. I. Railway Co. This steamer, together with its two sister boats, will carry on a ferry service between the company's terminus at Dhaneskodi, in the island of Rameswaram, on the Indian side, and Talemanaar, in the island of Manaar, on the Ceylon side. Passengers and goods will be transferred directly between the trains and the steamers, and by transferring the boats when the monsoon changes to the lee side of Adam's Bridge, through the Pamban pass, a smooth-water service will be secured at all seasons of the year. The boats have accommodation for a moderate number of first class passengers, in addition to five hundred third class passengers, and also for cargo." May the powers hasten the day !

Here are three sentences written a short timeago by a prominent English official in the east. The italics are ours.—"It is a blow to me to have broken down like this, just as I have *so many irons in the fire*. My particular *child*, Educational Reform, . . . will shortly be *launched*. It will in time *work wonders*." What do our readers think of the metaphors of an educationist?

Cricketers, attend ! You may have played in strange and outlandish matches, and your cricketing reminiscences may be an endless store ; but you never even heard, before, of a match like this. (The paragraph that follows is from "The Wonderful Magazine" of September, 1765, and we reproduce it from "Cricket".)

"A few days ago, a cricket match was played at Upham, Hants, by eleven married against eleven maiden women, for a large plum cake, a barrel of ale, and regale of tea, which was won by the latter. After the diversion, the company met and drank tea, and spent the evening together, and concluded it with a ball." Admirable, in its resolute independence, is this rigid, exclusion of "the sterner sex," but one

wonders, with "Cricket," how they got on without them at the ball.

We cannot help wondering how many of our mofussil readers, or those born in the mofussil, have personal experience of the old type of Indian village-school, as it is described in Mr. A. Madhaviah's "Thillai Govindan." This delightful book is a novel of the ostensibly autobiographical kind; and this is how Thillai Govindan describes life in school.—

"On the eastern bank of the canal running through the village from the tank towards the fields, stood the school in my village. It was a single room about twenty feet by fifteen, formed by three mud walls of an average man's height, with the fourth side quite open. The framework of the gabled roof above consisted of rough palmyra rafters and jungle-wood reepers. The thatch was of palmyra leaves, and shewed several natural sky-lights made by the busy hand of Time. As it was a common building, so it was commonly neglected, until a total collapse and a destruction of the future citizens of Thillai were imminent, and then the Village Parliament sanctioned its repair from the common exchequer. Though, as already described, the School-room was physically open to all who might choose to enter it, including stray cattle and asses who generally meditated there at night, it was closed as with doors of adamant to all the "lower classes," only the twice-born and the "high-class" Sudras being admitted into it. I shall describe the last day of my study there, which also proved to be the most eventful of the period.

"A strong smell of cowdung emerging from the floor first struck the olfactory nerves on entering the school, and then the artistic display of innumerable cobwebs and spider-nets in amazing patterns on the walls and inside the roof, attracted the attention. The flooring was swept daily, and washed with cowdung and water twice a week, by some of the older scholars; but they never chose to look at the walls, which picturesquely presented several cowdung impressions of boyish hands and fingers, made when the youths got up after their cleaning work, pressing their hands against the walls for support. About twenty wooden satchels with palmyra-leaf books were suspended from wooden pegs which were driven into the walls in a zigzag line. The dark-green colour of the floor was set off by a piece of fine white sand and several irregular patches of white sunlight pouring in through the openings in the roof. About eight feet from the ground, and binding the two slopes of the roof, there was a rough cross-beam of palmyra wood from the middle of which a short stout rope hung suspended.

"Our Ichabod, who gloried in the name of Sundaram Iyer was an old man of huge dimensions, with short breath and a shorter temper. For over a quarter of a century he had taught the young idea in the village how to shoot, and he counted among his pupils two men who rose to high positions in the State. He always spoke of them as "those two smart fellows," and delighted to give us anecdotes about them, which enhanced his own acumen and importance in our eyes. Asthma and an incessant cough had taken possession of him for some years past, and we had, therefore, many a holiday during the rainy season. On this eventful day, he was sitting on his two feet square mat of palmyra-leaf, leaning on the wall near the open side, with the dreaded cane-ferula lying idly to his right. He was yawning and coughing by turns, and the day was unusu-

ally dull, just the proverbial calm before a storm. Four urchins, almost nude, were learning the Tamil and the Grantha alphabets by running their right forefingers over some characters sunk in the ground for some unknown offence. These fingers looked leprotic, being partly worn out by this curious process of study. It was indeed copy-writing without any waste of valuable material, such as pen, paper, ink, or even palmyra-leaves. Some others were learning by rote the multiplication formulae : the leader for the time being called out, "Eight times nine, seventy-two; eight times nine, seventy-two ; eight times nine, seventy-two:" then the rest of the party proclaimed, "Nine times nine, eighty-one ; nine times nine, eighty-one ; nine times nine, eighty-one". Not without proper reason is "three" regarded as a mystic number. A few more were writing copies with a steel-pointed iron style on palymra-leaves. Some of the advanced scholars, including myself, were learning by heart Tamil or Sanscrit verses from *cadjan* books. I have stated what we were all supposed to be doing, but what we actually did when our master was drowsy and yawning is quite another story. A more vigorous fit of coughing suddenly awoke him and, rubbing his eyes, he got up, took his cane-ferula in his hand, and administered a stimulating blow to each of the smaller boys without any partiality or exception. The product of eleven times nine was howled out by a louder chorus, the styles ran faster and made a screeching noise over the primitive copy-books, and some right forefingers became more leprotic than ever before. Then he resumed his seat, and relapsed into his former drowsiness. Presently he sat up again, with the ferula in his hand, the action of taking up the cane with the down of wakefulness having by long habit become involuntary now, and called out, "Govinda." I first thought he was repeating the name of the god Vishnu, but he looked at me and called again, and so I left my place and went and stood before him. While examining or teaching a boy singly, it was his custom to describe a ring on the ground before him, within full reach of his ferula, and the pupil could on no account quit that circle before formal dismissal. I stood within that "magic circle" as we boys called it, and beating me once though gently, for not obeying as soon as summoned, he ordered me to recite the Tamil stanza from "The Garland of Wisdom" prescribed as my lesson the previous day I had learnt it well, and so forthwith began ...Our quotation would become too long were we to go on to the happiness that made this day so "eventful."

At one time there used to be what was called an "inquiry column" in this paper; and we are now going to revive it. It will be run on much the same lines as before, and will, we hope, be found useful by our readers. Here are the words in which Mr. Glyn Barlow, who was then editor, announced the opening of the column.

"We intend also to open an 'INQUIRY COLUMN,' and invite our readers to send us any knotty points on any subject, literary, mathematical, or scientific, on which they may need enlightenment. Such inquiries will be published, and our readers will be invited to answer them, and satisfactory answers will be published. Or, if necessary, any doubtful problem will be referred to capable men for solution. Inquiries should be on serious points. We don't want to be asked, for example, to work

out a sum in arithmetic which the Arithmetic teacher of any High School could work out at sight. We want inquiries on points round which there is really some difficulty—such that the answer will be of interest not merely to the inquirer himself but also to readers in general."

We renew this invitation, then; and shall be glad to receive, for publication, our readers' questions upon subjects of general interest. We must, however, add to Mr. Barlow's statute of limitations what he doubtless implied, that we do not want, for instance, such enquiries upon University text-books as are answered in annotated editions and in professorial lectures; nor shall we ever assist in the purveying of such easily digestible tabloids of knowledge as students of a certain type are constantly looking for: these tabloids are ruin to the mental digestion, for they give it no work to do.

Lastly, we have to intimate that during the next three months the editor will be absent on a visit to England, and therefore the April, May, and June numbers will be edited by Mr. P. Seshadri, of Pachaiyappa's College, Madras: we congratulate our readers on the pleasure in store for them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Magazine is written not by, but for, students, but *voluntary* contributions from students may occasionally be inserted. The editor will endeavour to return such MSS. as he does not use if a stamped and addressed wrapper is enclosed. No notice can be taken of any communication not accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

Our Serial Story.

The Boys of Devapur School.

By HARRY BANBURY, B.A., L.C.P.

CHAPTER I

THE HOCKEY MATCH.

"HEY! HEY! Wait a minute! where are you going to in such a hurry?" shouted little Ram Das one afternoon late in February as he saw his cousin Oudh Behari, dressed in his hockey uniform, with hockey stick in hand, rushing out of the house.

"I am going to the school hockey ground" answered Oudh Behari. "What do you want? I can't wait, I am in a hurry. The Hockey Match is to begin at a quarter past four, and if I am not there for the *bully-off* the headmaster will scold me."

"Can't I come too?" said little Ram Das. "I should like to see the match." "Very well, come along, or else I should be late?" and away the two boys ran.

Ram Das was the son of a wealthy Zemindar of the United Provinces, and he had recently come to Devapur to stay with his cousin Oudh Behari, who was a pupil in the Matriculation class at the Devapur High School. Ram Das had not yet joined any school. He had been taught at home by a private tutor, as his mother thought that he was much too delicate to mix with rough boys. Ram Das had been quite satisfied with this arrangement until his visit to Devapur,

but when he heard the tales told by his cousin of the fun the boys had at school, he was eager to join the school, too, and had begun to write letters to his father, almost every other day, asking him to allow him to join the school.

"What team are you playing with?" said Ram Das, somewhat breathlessly, as they ran along." We are playing the Church Mission High School "said Oudh Behari. We played them a month ago and beat them by five goals to one, but a young Englishman who has recently left Cambridge has been appointed manager and headmaster. They say he is very good, and as he is going to play centre half we may not beat them this time."

"Does the headmaster of your school play with the team?" asked Ram Das. "Not now," said Oudh Behari. "He says that he is too heavy to play now and that he is too old; but he trains us regularly and coaches us at least four evenings in the week. He knows the game very well, and referees in all the big matches. What he does not know about hockey is not worth knowing. He says, too, that it is better for us to play without a master in the team, as we learn to be independent and trust to ourselves. I think he is right, though at first I did not thiuk so, for I have often noticed that those teams which regularly have masters playing with them only play well as long as their masters play well. We are not afraid of the Church Mission School team, for we have been playing many matches lately against teams from the garrison, so that we are used to meeting Englishmen."

"Oh! I do hope you will win," said Ram Das. "Well we shall try our best" answered his cousin. "Here we are at the field. Here is a good place for you to stand and watch the game. See, there are three or four more of our school boys there. You can tell them by their dress, for it is one of the school rules that all boys shall dress alike. Mind you shout loudly and encourage us," And with these words, after introducing his cousin to the group of High School boys, Oudh Behari ran on to the field. "Come along" said the headmaster, a tall, strongly-built Englishman, as he saw Oudh Behari; "late as usual. It is just as important to be punctual at a match as it is to be punctual at school. "I am very sorry," said Oudh Behari, "but my cousin wanted to come with me. and as he cannot run so fast as I can, he made me a little late." "Very well", said the headmaster; "take your place quietly. I am just going to blow the whistle for the *bully off.*"

While this was going on Ram Das was taking his place among the other boys and as his cousin was a great favourite they welcomed him heartily. "Is the headmaster angry?" said Ram Das when he saw him speaking to Oudh Behari. "Oh, no," said one of the others named Abdul. "He is only telling him that he ought to have come earlier. He is only angry with boys who are lazy at work or at games, and if a boy shows that he is frightened of any player on the opposite side in a match then he is very angry indeed."

Just then the whistle sounded and all eyes were fixed on the field. The Devapur team were dressed in green jerseys and white shorts, while the Church Mission team were dressed in shirts, half dark-blue and half light-blue, and black shorts. "Our captain, Rais Ahmed, plays centre forward," said Abdul. "He is very quick and shoots well. Your cousin Oudh Behari, plays outside left. The best player in our side is Nasir Ahmed, He plays centre

half. Our goal keeper, too, is very good. His name is Raja Ram."

The Church Mission team had evidently come with the intention of winning this time. As soon as the bully was taken their centre forward passed the ball out to his right wing, who took it down the field for several yards before he was stopped by Iamuruzzaman the Devapur left full back, who with a quick wrist stroke passed the ball back again to Nasir, the Devapur centre half. Nasir caught the ball on his stick and without stopping carried it forward a few yards, and just as the Church Mission centre half was about to tackle him passed it well forward to the Devapur outside right whose name was Hafiz-ur-Rahman. Amidst much shouting Hafiz ran swiftly forward and centered the ball to Rais, who was on the edge of the ring. As the ball reached Rais he struck with all his might and hit the ball into the net. At the same moment the referee's whistle sounded.

"Goal! Goal!!" shouted the Devapur spectators, and Ram Das shouted as loudly as any one. "No! No!!" shouted the supporters of the Church Mission team. "It was 'sticks'" Every body waited anxiously for the decision of the referee, and a sigh of disappointment burst from the Devapur spectators as they realised that the referee had given 'sticks', and had awarded a free hit to the Church Mission team. Up and down the field went the game. Sometimes the Church Mission team were attacking furiously and sometimes the Devapur team. It was difficult to say which team had the better of the game. The new headmaster of the Church Mission school played splendidly for his side, stopped many fierce rushes, and encouraged the falterers in his team with shouts. Nor did Nasir Ahmad do less service for his team. Time after time he stopped a sudden rush, and time after time he passed the ball well forward to Hafiz or Oudh Behari Lal, but do what they would the Devapur team could not score. Either the Church Mission goalkeeper would stop a particularly hard shot that every one expected to go into the net, or the Englishman got the ball away from Rais Ahmad, and at half time neither side had scored.

There was a five minutes' interval, and the supporters thronged round their respective teams giving encouragement and all kinds of contradictory advice.

Rais Ahmad, the Devapur Captain, soon waved his supporters aside, and told them to go back to the side of the field again; as he wanted to talk to the players and make new plans for the second half of the game. As he was school captain as well as hockey captain, he was obeyed at once.

"Now," said Rais, "if we can only beat the Church Mission centre half we can win the game, but we must alter our playing. He is a very fast runner and can hit the ball hard, and he is very good at intercepting long passes. He does not turn very quickly so that our only chance to get the ball past him is to make short and quick passes. Brahma Narain on my right and Muzhar Husain on my left and I will take the ball quickly up the field as soon as we get it after the 'bully-off'. Whichever of us has the ball when the Church Mission centre half tries to stop us, must at once pass it to one of the others, and if in this way we keep passing and repassing the ball, without hesitating or dribbling, we shall soon baffle and tire him. The left and right wing forwards must run up the field as fast as they can almost in a line with us, taking care to keep on-side. When we get to the circle then whoever has the ball must

shoot as hard as possible, and the others must dash forward to shoot again if the goalkeeper saves the shot. If we cannot get through, then we must pass out to one of the wing forwards, and then get forward ourselves ready to receive the pass back again from the wing forward. The half-backs and full-backs must support us well." All the boys agreed to this and when the warning whistle was sounded they went to their places on the field determined this time to win.

For a short time the Devapur forwards could not carry out their plan, for the Church Mission team had made new plans to, and as they got the ball first, they carried the ball swiftly to the Devapur goal. The Church Mission centre half had followed his forwards closely and reached the striking circle almost in a line with them. The ball was passed to him, and with a swift wrist stroke he shot straight at goal. Raja Ram received the shot on his leg-guards, and the ball bounced back a few yards; the Church Mission centre half got the ball again, and for a few seconds it was difficult to see what was happening; the Church Mission players were trying to force the ball through the defenders into the goal, and the Devapur players were trying to force the ball out of the ring. At last Har Saroof, the right full-back, got the ball and with a mighty stroke sent the ball flying down the field.

For some time the game went on much in the same way as it had done in the first half. First one side had the advantage and then the other, but there was no score. At last Rais Ahmed got the ball and at once Brahma-Narain and Muzhar Husain closed up to him. Up the field they went at a tremendous pace, passing and repassing the ball as one of the defending side tackled them, until they were a few feet from the striking circle. Then the Church Mission centre half made a great effort and backed up by his right full back stopped the combined rush of the three. At that moment Muzhar Husain had the ball and he passed it out to his left to Oudh Behari who had run up the field on the left, keeping just on side the whole time. Oudh Behari took the pass quickly and carried the ball on. The defenders rushed towards him now, and just as they came near to him, he passed the ball to the centre again where it was received by Rais just within the striking circle. Rais shot at once. The Church Mission goalkeeper, however, was quite ready and kicked the ball out to the right. Oudh Behari had not forgotten what his captain had said, and immediately on passing the ball to the centre, he had rushed forward to the striking circle, and so stopped the ball, as it was kicked out by the goalkeeper, before it rolled out of the circle. Hitting the ball with all his might, he sent in a swift shot which was impossible for the goalkeeper to stop, and so amidst the shouts of the Devapur spectators the first goal was scored. Not much time was left now to play, and though the Devapur team tried the same plan again, they had made no further score when the referee blew the whistle as a sign that the game was over.

The captain of the Church Mission team gathered his players together and called for three cheers for the Devapur team, and the captain of the Devapur team responded by calling for three cheers for the Church Mission team. Then the Devapur players invited the Church Mission players to go to the pavilion where refreshments had been provided for both teams, and there to the accompaniment of the pop-pop of lemonade and soda water bottles as they were opened, the boys discussed eagerly the various good points in the game and made arrangements for future matches.

Ram Das waited as patiently as he could for his cousin, though he was so full of excitement that he could hardly stand still. His excitement attracted the notice of the Devapur High School Headmaster, who smiled at him, and went up to him and asked him who he was. "My name is Ram Das," was the answer. "It was my cousin, Oudh Behari, who scored the goal," Ram Das continued breathlessly. "Yes, he did very well," said the headmaster. "Do you play hockey?" he went on. "No" said Ram Das, "not yet, but I am going to learn. I want to join the Devapur High School, as soon as my mother will let me."

"That's right," said the headmaster; "it is good for boys to go to school, for they learn to become men there. You are quite big enough now, and if you work as hard and play as hard as your cousin does you will be a credit to the school."

Just then Oudh Behari came up. "You did very well, Oudh Behari," said the headmaster. "Now run away home as fast as you can and change your clothes. Don't loiter on the way or you will catch cold and then you will be laid up with fever, Good night."

"Good night Sir," said the two boys, and away they ran.

(To be continued).

Poems of Nature.

(1) HYMN OF THE SUN-GOD, APOLLO.

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,
Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and, climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam ;—
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence ; and the air
Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
With their etherial colours ; the moon's globe,
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers,
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
Whatever lamps on earth or heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven ;
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
For grief. that I depart they weep and frown.
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine :
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine, are mine,
All light of art or nature;—to my song
Victory and praise in it own right belong.

P. B. Shelley : 1792—1822.

(2) MEDITATION UPON FLOWERS.

Brave flowers, that I could gallant it like you,
And be a little vain !
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.
You are not proud ; you know your birth :
For your embroider'd garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I
Would have it ever Spring :
My fate would know no Winter, never die
Nor think of such a thing.
O that I could my bed of earth but view
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you !

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,
But rather to take truce !
How often have I seen you at a bier,
And there look fresh and spruce !
You fragrant flowers ! then teach me that my breath,
Like yours, may sweeten and perfume my death.

Henry King : 1592—1669.

(3) FORTH TO THE FIELDS.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness,
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find—
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonises heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor :—
"I am gone into the fields

To take what this sweet hour yields :—
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside of Sorrow.—
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,
You tiresome verse-reciter, Care,
I will pay you in the grave,
Death will listen to your stave.—
Expectation too, be off !
To-day is for itself enough ;
Hope, in pity mock not woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go ;
Long having lived on thy sweet food,
At length I find one moment good
After long pain—with all your love,
This you never told me of."

Shelley.

(4) The Evening Hour.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard ;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word ;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Lord Byron : 1788–1824.

(5) Remembered Summer.

'Tis a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing :
Sighing, O sighing !
When such a time cometh
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire :
O, pile a bright fire !
And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
O, drearily sings !
I never look out
Nor attend to the blast ;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast :
Falling, falling !

But close at the hearth,
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
Gallant chivalry !

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth :
But gladsome, gladsome !

Or, to get merry,
We sing some old rhyme
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time !

Then go we smoking,
Silent and snug :
Naught passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes !

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily !

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together !

Thus, then, live I
Till, mid all the gloom,
By Heaven ! the bold sun
Is with me in the room
Shining, shining !

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between ;
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green !

I jump up like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again !

Edward Fitzgerald : 1809—1883.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION

BY THE EDITOR.

(In this series of studies we take an essay, or part of an essay, actually written by a student, and rewrite it in the adjoining column, giving notes upon the chief corrections. Students will find it helpful to study even the smallest changes and try to understand the reasons for them).

IV

Original Essay.

The greatness of Burns consists in two distinguishing characteristics, (1) his sincerity, and (2) his choice of subjects.1

Burns was born in an age of criticism and in a family where there was little hope of developing his faculties. The means of his father were not sufficient enough 2 to give at least 3 an entrance to the university. So with limited materials, he had to work out his salvation. 4 And the little that he has done are 5 not passed by 6 the fastidious critic. He has become the admiration of posterity.

Unlike other poets, he is sincere. Generally poets are not sincere in their opinions.7 But Burns being native to farming 8 comes across a mouse or a hare and shares with it in her 9 joys or sorrows. Further, he does not go to subjects of a grand nature for his theme of poetry. The jolly beggars were as good a subject for him as the fortunes of a king or queen. The greatness of a poet lies in this—that he makes much of a little thing. He should not care for the nature of the subject10. Tragedies and comedies can be written on a poor family.11

Burns had a great thought 12 of writing a tragedy, but though that was not accomplished he worked out a tragedy in his own life....

In the opinion of Carlyle "Tam O' Shanter" is not the best of his poems. It is not a poem in the right sense but a sparkling rhetoric.13 But the best of Burns' poems is "The Jolly Beggars." The lines are flowing.14...Above all the songs carry the greatest appreciation15. Being short compositions it 16 does not require so much mental action.

Corrected Essay.

Carlyle considers that the pre-eminent quality in the nature of Burns is his sincerity; by virtue of which he chooses themes that are simple and humble, and not such as, by their complexity or remoteness, are apart from the truth of his experience.

He was born in a time rather critical than creative, and the circumstances of his family denied him anything corresponding to a university career. Unaided, he must work out his own salvation: of poor and scanty materials he must fashion the fabric of his verse. But he did create a fabric that is beyond all criticism, and his poetry remains an unfailing joy to men.

In sincerity of utterance he is strangely superior to most English poets,—to Byron, for example. (Here several sentences should be inserted to explain the extremely wide sense in which Carlyle, in this connection, uses the word "sincerity"). He is a "son of the soil," and the creatures of the field are his kindred and dear to him. It is with unique imaginative sympathy that he writes, for instance, of the wounded hare, or the mouse whose nest has been overturned by his ploughshare. And when he deals with humanity he prefers the genuine vitality of the

beggar to the artificialities of high places. It is not the choice of lofty themes but depth of insight into common things that makes a poet great. Though life in a poor family is not matter for tragedy or high comedy, yet the experiences and the feelings that are at the heart of tragedy or comedy are there, awaiting poetic expression. Burns had thoughts of writing a tragedy. This he never did, but alas ! he enacted a tragedy in his own life.

Carlyle would not assign to "Tom O' Shanter" the high place among the poems of Burns which the poet himself claimed for it. It is rather a piece of sparkling rhetoric than a poem . . . Perhaps the best of all the poems is "The Jolly Beggars". . The songs are greater, and more widely popular, than the poems proper. They are lyrical expressions of mood, and do not require that prolonged mental effort to which Burns never disciplined himself.

1. "Choice of subjects" is not a characteristic of a man. It is not a *quality* but an *action*,—the *result* of that which is characteristic in him. Hence "sincerity" and "choice of subjects" cannot be introduced as items under the same classification. Again, there is a subtle relation between the two, and it may be suggested as in the corrected version.

2. "Enough" is implied in the word "sufficient".

3. After a negative "at least" becomes "even." Positive statement: "family circumstances allowed entrance, at least, to the university". Negative statement: ' family circumstances did not allow even entrance to the university". Because this form is in this case intolerably clumsy, we have, in the corrected version, altered the construction.

4. We do not speak of "working out" something with "materials".

5. "Little" is, of course, singular.

6. The expression "passed by" is too mild for the intended meaning. The more positive sense of "rejection" is intended. Again, it is a bad fault of style to have the same word repeated immediately, as "by" is here, unless there is special point in the repetition.

7. The condemnation of other poets is ridiculously exaggerated.

8. We cannot speak of a man as being 'native" to a pursuit. Nor would it be good (though it would not be strikingly incorrect) to say that a pursuit (farming, for instance) was native to a man. We can, however, say that a particular feeling is native to a man's heart, or a particular mode of thinking is native to his genius.

9. Confusion of gender.

10. A ridiculous sentence, which by no means expresses the desired meaning, namely that poetic excellence does not lie in elevation of subject.

11. A drama cannot properly be called a tragedy, unless its theme is grand, and its hero elevated above ordinary men. This was an Aristotelian canon and still holds good. But the experiences and feelings which in high place make "tragedy" are present in low places too.

12. "Had a great thought of" is not English.

13. This is a most common type of mistake. The word "rhetoric" is abstract, and therefore we cannot give it the indefinite article. Similarly, it is wrong to speak of a wit, a humour, a pathos, a poetry, a travel. As for the idea expressed, we do not by any means agree with it, but of course the essayist has a perfect right to express his own opinion, and Carlyle's.

14. Apart from the infinite comicality of this statement about the poem, the expression is incorrect. Many participles may be used as adjectives, but (except in those cases where the adjectival use is so common that we have ceased to feel that the word was originally a participle) they must not be used as *predicative* adjectives after the verb "to be." ? We can speak of "flowing verse" just as we can speak of a flowing beard, but we cannot say either "his beard is flowing," or "his verse is flowing."

15. Songs may "meet with" appreciation, but they cannot "carry" it.

16. Whence comes the singular "it?"

DIALOGUE.

Patron and Poets.

(In Cambridge there is a school, called the Perse school, where boys are taught Latin and Greek on a system very different from the dull and dreary system in vogue in most English schools with regard to the teaching of Classics. In the Perse school these languages are taught conversationally; and it is found that, almost from the very beginning, the use of English can be almost entirely dispensed with. The authorities there claim that their method is more efficient than the ordinary one, besides being ever so much more interesting. We are not going to discuss the first point, but the *interestingness* of study in the Perse school will be evident to our readers when they have read this little play, which is a translation of one of a number of Latin plays written by masters of that school for use in their classes. Its Latin title—"Sequitur varam vibia"—is a familiar proverb, meaning literally "The cross-beam follows the beam it rests on," and metaphorically, "Evil follows upon evil").

CHARACTERS.

Umbricius: a rich man, whom many poets wish to have as a patron.

Cordus: a poet.

Davus: a very deaf slave of Umbricius.

Andromachus: a workman.

First poet.

Second poet.

Third poet.

Door-keeper.

Various dependants of Umbricius.

Scene 1: the house of Umbricius, in ancient Rome.

Umbricius, Davus, Door-keeper.

Umb: Cordus said he would come here to-day.—He's the most excellent of poets. Therefore, no one else must be admitted to-day. I'll order the slaves to keep out all other visitors.—Ho! there, Davis! Davus! come here! Idiot, don't you hear me? (He's the deafest of the deaf.)—Come here, villain: I'm calling you. (Davus approaches). See that you admit only Cordus the poet, and keep the others out: do you understand?

Davus (who did not hear the word "Cordus"): I understand, master: I will admit none but the poet. (He begins to go away).

Umb: Ho, Davus: come back—here, here, fool.—Find also a workman to fix a lid on to my box. Do this very quickly unless you wish to be beaten.

Dav: I shall see that it is done at once, master. (He approaches the Doorkeeper). This fellow is always sleeping. (He wakes the Doorkeeper, and addresses him). Take care that you admit none but the poet: I'm going to find a workman.

Crowd of dependants (outside the door): We come to salute our patron: open the door!

Doorkeeper (opening the door): You are n't poets, are you? keep off, unholy ones! You are not poets. (He tries to drive them away, but they rush in, despite his efforts). Receive your daily gifts, then, and depart: the master is not at leisure. (They take their gifts from the table, salute Umbricius, and depart).

Umb: What a lot of nuisances there are in the city! Every day these people come to pay their respects to me, and poets are reciting on every hand. (A poet enters) Speak of the devil (1)—

First Poet: Hail, most excellent patron

(1). In the original, a Latin proverb is half given, corresponding to the English proverb, "Speak of the Devil and he appears."

of poets ! I am come to recite a poem to you.

Umb : Who let you in, you wretch ? I'm busy. (The poet begins to recite). Stop, stop ! I've no time to spare for you.

First Poet : But your slave said you had been expecting me for a long time.

Umb : O! idiot of a slave. (Enter Second Poet).

Sec. Poet : Hail, most excellent patron of poets ! I am come to recite a poem to you.

Umb:—O misery, misery ! poet after poet ! (First poet again recites).

Sec. Poet : What's this ? Does he *insist* on reciting ?

(He beats First Poet, who falls against Andramachus, who enters carrying in a piece of wood. First Poet falls to the ground).

First Poet (rising): "A tree trunk fell upon my head, and would have killed me had not the sylvan god of poets lightened the blow." (1)

Sec. Poet (striking him and speaking to Umb): I know how troublesome this fellow is to you, my patron : but here's some consolation ! (He begins to recite).

Enter Davus,

Dav : Here comes the poet, master.

ENTER CORDUS, AND THIRD POET.

Cordus and Third Poet (speaking together): Hail, most excellent patron of poets ! (Cordus beats Third Poet).

Cord : Hail, most excellent patron of poets ! I am come to recite a poem to you.

Umb (in his worry not recognising Cordus): Poets everywhere ! My ears are pierced with their poems. What shall I do? Whither shall I flee ? (He looks round upon the crowd of poets, and runs out of the room. All the poets walk about the room, reciting their poems, and go out one by one).

SCENE 2.

DAVUS, ANDROMACHUS.

Dav : Here is the box : You must fix on that lid you have there.

And : I shall need nails, a hammer, some wood, and perhaps a piece of rope. I have no nails, and my hammer is at home ; but I will go and seek these things, and come back when I have found them. (Exit).

Dav. O these Roman workmen ! (Exit).

ENTER UMBRICIUS.

Umb : *Now* I can have quiet : By some miracle, the place is free of poets. (He hears the voices of the poets). O misery ! They seem to be coming near again ! What shall I do ? Where shall I hide ? (He sees the box). Oh, a splendid plan ! I will hide in the box. (He does so : presently Cordus enters reciting a poem : Davus returns with Andromachus, and drives out the reciting poet).

Dav. (to And.) : Now begin your work. Don't waste any time. You have all your tools there now. Get started. (He strikes Andr. with a stick). If you neglect your work again you'll be sorry for it : the master is a very fierce person, and will have no mercy on you ; so begin, unless you want a beating.

And: Yes, yes: I'm beginning: don't get angry. But listen ! don't you hear his voice ? (Umb. has been shouting from inside the box.)

Dav. (who, in his deafness, does not hear Umb.): Why do you stop, you wretch? Go on, go on! You're always *talking* and *doing* nothing. (He strikes And.)

And: Mercy, mercy! I want to fix on the lid, but I think there's some one inside,

1. Lines of Horace, comically applied by First Poet to himself.

Dav: You're talking again. Silence: SILENCE! This is the time for working, not talking.

Voice of Umb. from inside the box: Don't fasten the lid on: let me out! (And., hearing the voice, stops again).

Dav: You utter villain, are you stopping again? The Roman workmen are always stopping: take that! (kicks him) *Now* perhaps you'll go on with your work. The master will be coming before you can get it finished.

And: I'm afraid the master is here *now*. —Well, I'll fasten on the lid: only, don't beat me!

Voice of Umb: Misery, misery! Alas! how much evil I suffer from poets and deaf slaves! (And., filled with terror, stops once more).

Dav. (beating him again): Why, you're *always* stopping, you villain.

And: Mercy, mercy! Didn't you hear that voice?

Voice of Umb: Shout, shout, my excellent fellow! shout louder: he's too deaf to hear you.

And: (shouting loudly): *I think the master is in the box: did n't you hear his voice?*

Dav: O, you wretch, I'll punish you for this. (They fight).

ENTER CORDUS.

Cord: What is the meaning of all this noise?

Voice of Umb: Oh, Cordus, let me out.

Cord. (rejoicing): Why, Umbricius is in the box! (They gather round the box). Now, Umbricius, you *can't* get away!—(Turning to the other poets, who have now come in): *Now* we'll get a hearing, my friends!—(Addresses Davus): Davus, you've done well indeed to shut him up in the box. (He begins to recite beside the box; the other poets also recite; soon Umbricius breaks open the box and climbs out).

Second Poet: "How changed his state—"

Dav. (filled with terror): O wretched man that I am! Whatever will become of me? I'm in for such a beating!

And. (turning to Dav.): *Now* you believe me: I told you long ago he was inside. (The poets continue their recitation).

Umb. (extremely angry): Begone, Begone! (He drives the poets out).

CURTAIN.

Improvements in Indian Theatres.

BY I. P. RAMAN MENON.

(An interesting contribution from a student, enshrining an equally interesting quotation).

THE secret of the success of a dramatic troupe is the attention paid even to the minutest details. We have it on excellent authority that the dramatic instinct exists in a very high degree in the people of India and that it is visible not only in their movements and actions but also in their faces and in their voices in the street. Mr. Glyn Barlow writing to a magazine on Indian dramatic instinct alludes to the most perfect exhibition of the dramatic instinct that he had ever witnessed. "I was at the Empress Hotel", writes Mr. Barlow, "seated at one of the upper windows, and on the roadside below there was a Moplah woman telling a long story to a man. The woman was standing and the man was squatting on the ground. He was munching a straw and listening in a very casual sort of way as if he was not very much interested in her story; but as for the woman, her story was evidently something which deeply concerned herself or which at any rate deeply affected her. I don't know in the least what the story was about, because, for one thing, she was telling it in Malayalam, and for another thing it was little more than murmurings that reached me. The story lasted for about half an hour and I can honestly state that I have never seen, either

in real life or on the stage, such perfection in the way of dramatic gesture as that Moplah woman displayed. She had no idea, of course, that there was a spectator in the gallery above; and I was careful, of course, not to let myself be seen; for I knew that the thought of a third person and a stranger being present would spoil the performance. Her utter absence of self-consciousness was, no doubt, half the secret of her gestures, no playing to the gallery, no movement that was suggestive of the looking glass; it was the performance of a woman who was filled with the instinct of dramatic movement, and who was inspired for the time by a drama of real life. The varied poise of the head and the wrist and of the forearm on the elbow, the varied sweep of the whole arm, the varied shrug of the shoulder,—it was a poem of movement, a song without words." And then he adds with characteristic humour "I have forgotten many of the stage plays that I have seen and for which I have had to pay for admission; but I shall never forget that splendid dramatic exhibition that I witnessed gratis from a window of the Empress Hotel."

This graphic description from the pen of an excellent stage-critic like Mr. Barlow convinces us of the truth of the statement that in India there are people who in point of dramatic instinct can be compared favourably with Beerbohm Tree or Sarah Bernhardt. Yet the Indian Stage is in many ways inferior to the English Stage. The fault does not lie so much in the acting as in ignoring certain petty secrets of presentation. While laying great stress on the nature of the gestures to be employed, the Indian conductor forgets to give to the actors an appearance suited to their respective positions and mutual relations. In an Indian theatre, it often happens that two brothers —say a Rama and a Lakshmana—are represented in such a manner that their fraternity could not be conceived by the audience except by a very big stretch of imagination. It is no uncommon thing to give one of them grey hairs and a greyer beard, and make him appear as if he were on the threshold of eighty, while his brother is made to appear a school-boy of eighteen! This sort of inattention to the actors, dress and appearance is greatly detrimental to their acting however excellent it may be. Again a familiar sight in the Indian theatre is that of the actor who has, on the stage, become a victim to the enemy's sword, but is brought to life, magically as it were, in order that he may escape to the green-room before the curtain has fallen down to hide the whole stage. Why, some vernacular dramatic troupes have been enjoying a notoriety for the most irregular, unpunctual, and disobedient part played by their curtains.—Another point is this. If Charles Lamb could be brought alive from his peaceful grave and made to attend a few of our Indian performances, he would meet several prompters of the school of Captain Starkey of the Essays of Elia, who, whenever he was given the task of the prompter could be heard by the audience with delightful clearness.

It is needless and impossible to give an exhaustive list of such defects of the Indian stage. But these defects are not incapable of being remedied. A little care, a little forethought on the parts of the manager, the conductor, and the actors themselves—can cure these defects in no time, and then our dramas can be presented in a manner quite consistent with our essentially dramatic Indian genius.

Camoens: His Epic of India, II.

BY

P. Seshadri, M. A.

IN the discovery of India by Vasco de Gama, Camoens has a theme worthy of a great epic poem. In addition to its being one of the greatest achievements in the history of the world, it has the advantage of appealing profoundly to the patriotism of his people. Following in the footsteps of Homer and Virgil he sings the great deeds of his countrymen and records the glorious story of the founding of a vast empire in the romantic East. It is nothing short of the realisation of the dreams of all Europe, the conquest of a land which has been its fascination since the earliest times. The Portuguese poet says of the momentous voyage :

Nor sage Ulysses, nor the Trojan pride.
Such raging gulfs, such whirling storms defied.

It is however proposed to confine our attention here to the Indian interest in the poem. Long before the commencement of the main action, the future conqueror has a vision which inspires him to undertake the remarkable venture. The Indus and the Ganges, rivers famous in Indian mythology, roll down before him from a mountain steep, in two copious, glassy streams. Two hoary fathers arise from them and invite him to their shores, to restore peace and prosperity to a realm which is torn by civil strife. And like ancient Father Tiber, who appeared before the wandering Trojan hero in a vision and promised success to his race, the two brothers draw such a roseate picture of the future achievements of Portugal in the East, that it must have instilled heroism into much weaker hearts.

The plan is resolved upon, and after numerous adventures in the course of the voyage towards the East, we find the fleet approaching the shores of India. Great is the excitement when the palmy shore of Malabar breaks upon their view :

Now morn, serene in dappled grey, arose
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows ;
Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam ;
Blue o'er the silver flood Malabria's mountains gleam :
The sailors on the Maintop's airy round,
Land, land, aloud, with waving hands resound ;
Aloud, the pilot of Melinda cries,
Behold, O chief, the shores of India rise !
Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
And every breast with swelling raptures glow'd ;
Gama's great soul confest the rushing swell :
Prone on his manly knees the hero fell,
Oh bounteous heaven, he cries and spreads his hands
To bounteous heaven, while boundless joy commands
No farther word to flow. In wonder lost,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools, lott,
Now snatch'd by demons rides the flaming air,
And howls, and hears the howlings of despair ;
Awaked, amazed, confused with transport glows,
And trembling still, with troubled joy o'erflows.

So, yet affected with the sickly weight,
Left by the hands of the dreadful night,
The hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian shores before his prows unfold:
Bounding he rises and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud desire.

It may not be worth while entering into an account of all the details connected with the early history of the Portuguese in India, which constitue the foundation of the epic of Camoens. The historical narration is not the essence of the poem. The light which the epic throws on the social and political conditions of India in the sixteenth century is probably of greater interest to the student of to-day and there is also a special value attaching to the descriptive parts of the poem.

India's golden strand has at last been reached and Vasco de Gama is to be enlightened on the nature of the new country by an inhabitant who has been attracted to the foreigners by the splendour of their equipage. There is now a long discourse on the geography of the land, which must have been of particular value in the days of Camoens, by spreading information about a part of the world which was enveloped in mystery. The passage may now be recalled, though on other grounds:

Vast are the shores of India's wealthfull soil;
Southward sea gir't, she forms a demi-isle:
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd forests crown'd,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caspia's lake the enormous mountain spreads,
And leading eastward rears a thousand heads;
Far to extremest sea her ridges thrown,
By various names, through various tribes are known.
Here down the waste of Tauru's rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named
Darkly of old, through distant nations famed:
One eastward curving holds his crooked way,
One to the West gives his swol'n tide to strays
Declining southward many a land they lave,
And widely swelling roll the sea-like wave,
Till the twin offspring of the mountain fire
Both in the Indian deep ingulph'd expire.
Between these streams, fair-smiling to the day.
The Indian lands their wide domains display,
And many a league far to the south they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the shores to Ceylon's isle oppose,
In conic form the Indian regions close.

* * * *

The attention of the informant is not confined to the physical configuration of the country. There is a poetical dissertation on the laws and religions of the land; the kingdoms that spread themselves on its fertile plains and the people who swarm on the banks of its rivers. There are the sons of stern Deccan tilling the soil. Bengal extends its beauteous Eden where hallowed Ganges meets the sea. The kingdom of Vijianagar, at the zenith of its power is there too, her sons shining in native gold and ruby. There are the Western Ghauts,

Nature's rude wall, guarding the fertile lawns of Malabar.

Here, from the mountain to the surgy main,
Fair as a garden, spreads the smiling plain,
And lo, the empress of the Indian powers;
There lofty Calicut resplendent towers;
Here's every fragrance of the spicy shore,
Here's every gem of India's countless store.

It is not possible to claim for Camoens, a foreigner who made a brief sojourn in the country, any success in dealing with the deeper aspects of India. An enthusiastic and almost bigoted Christian himself, he could not enter into the religion and philosophy of the East with any sympathy. Nor were his intellectual tastes congenial to the appreciation of the baffling religious mysteries of the people. The external forms of religious worship, as they obtained among the lower classes, as they might be witnessed in the streets for instance, attracted the poet's attention and he sang of them with power, if not with understanding. If his vision in politics, was the conquest of the whole of India by his countrymen and the building of an empire destined to outshine the glories of Imperial Rome, the evangelisation of its teeming millions was his dream in the sphere of religion. He attaches such great importance to the latter, that he reverts to it from time to time and is disposed to regard it as even a more glorious consummation than the acquisition of all the wealth of the East.

This is hardly the occasion for referring to the variety of episodes woven into the texture of the poem, but there must be room left for one of them, the story of the martyrdom of St. Thomas at Mylapore, at a spot, now marked by a raised cross in Luz Church Road. Historical research has been busy, trying to disprove the traditional accounts of the event, but it hardly affects the value of the artistic treatment of the story by Camoens. The piety of St. Thomas and the reputation for holiness, he is acquiring by his miracles excite the envy of the Brahmins who are planning his murder. All their devices having failed he is killed from behind, when he is in his prayers:

'T was on a day, when melting on his tongue,
Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng.
Rising in mad'ing tempest round him shower'd
The splinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd.
But heaven had now his finish'd labours seal'd:
His angel guards withdrew the etherial shield;
A Brahmin's javelin tears his holy breast.

On every page there are accounts of incidents and descriptive passages of a nature calculated to arrest the attention of the Indian reader. Following Virgil's device of representing the important events of Roman History, on the shield made for Aeneas by Vulcan, the poet draws pictures of India's fate on the marble walls of the palace of the Zamorin. From the marshalled legions of Macedon, advancing to the shores of Hydaspes under the leadership of a smooth-cheeked and rose-lipped conqueror, to the events of their own day, they behold the whole story on the sculptured walls.

The enthusiasm displayed in delineating the Indian splendours of the age is also striking. One has only to turn to his

picture of the Zamorin holding court in his palace, in proof of this statement:

The tapestried walls with gold were pictured o'er,
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor:
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
High on a blazing court, the monarch sate.
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the silver pillars: High o'er head
The golden canopy its radiance shed:
Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone.
And his high turban flamed with precious stones.

It is in the midst of such gorgeous surroundings that the poet lays the scene of the heroic deeds of Vasco de Gama and his followers. And it is with great reluctance indeed that he thinks of closing the splendours of his Indian scene. There must have been the elation of a great national triumph when the hardy sons of Portugal bade farewell to India's shores, after the work of discovery and conquest (in a sense), was over:

With rustling sound now swell'd the steady sail;
The lofty masts reclining to the gale
On full spread wings the navy springs away
And far behind them foams the ocean grey:
Afar the lessening hills of the Ghauts fly
And mix their dim blue summits with the sky.

The land similarly fled from the vision of Camoens himself, when after his long tropical exile was over, he returned to his fatherland. But was there the consciousness at that supreme moment, in his mind of a similar triumph, of having feasted his sight on a land of romance, to sing of it in deathless verse?

THE PROGRESS OF A TERM.

BY P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

CHAPTER III.

AT THE MARINA.

THE city of Madras extends for more than eight miles along the coast of the Bay of Bengal. The sea-shore is the favourite resort for refreshment and recreation in the evening for the inhabitants of the city. But there is a section of the beach about two miles long, planned and preserved in such an exceedingly charming manner as has rendered it quite a pride of the city and an unrivalled sight in the whole world, according to the testimony of the most distant travellers. Beginning about the southern limit of the Fort St. George, the public road along the beach attains a spacious breadth and is edged on the sea-side with green shrubs and trees affording delightful shade, while a raised platform, lined in stone and paved with gravel, runs alongside and serves for a promenade on which may be observed walking in the evening the most distinguished people of Madras, not rarely including the ruler of the province. And on the other side of the road stand stately edifices serving as temples of learning or as offices of public utility and importance. These structures facing the noisy bay strike the casual passerby with a weird majesty especially as night comes on and the last red blaze of the sun sinks beneath the horizon. To

this place, popularly known as the Marina, and originally planned and executed by a former Governor of Madras, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, a connoisseur in life, on a pleasant evening, Mohan drove with his Lila in the pretty landeau of his brother.

They had gone round in the afternoon to visit some of the public sights of Madras. They had together inspected rare and interesting specimens of animal life, observed historic relics of terrible battles and pompous courts, and admired notable productions in the arts of painting and sculpture.

Much that Lila observed through the solicitous assistance of Mohan was new to her and yet she showed a calm self-possession which surprised her husband and impressed on him that she was no silly girl overpowered by wondrous sights, but had already acquired a serious view of life, though ready to acknowledge the beauties that the superior intellect of Mohan brought to her notice.

Now at the Marina, the carriage was drawn up a few yards beyond the band-stand, a crowded spot in the promenade where the band plays twice a week for public entertainment.

Away from the society of their vulgar people who had never realised the ecstasy of love but stifled it in an endless train of ceremonies and a hypocritical conduct of life, alone with her Mohan beside the life-giving sea, Lila's heart opened out with new freedom,—even as though the ceaseless waves could instil into her the spirit of liberty—which she had never before been permitted to enjoy during the brief interviews she had had with Mohan. Her loving interest in young Mohan was now manifested in a series of questions regarding the course of studies he pursued at college, the number of years it lasted, the nature of the degree granted at the end, the sports he played at evening and the hours he spent in work at home. Mohan was only delighted to answer these. Lila's powers in music displayed in gatherings on occasions of marriages among her relations, and the skill of her fingers as evidenced in the pretty little useful knitted things that came as presents to Mohan, did not fail to receive affectionate commendation from Mohan on this occasion.

The western culture imbibed by Mohan had taught him the foolishness of practices current in his society, persisting through force of custom in spite of their baneful results to individuals and to the communities at large. Mohan had already determined to give up those practices in his own life and adopt a reformed mode of life regulated by broad-minded and rational ideas. Some of his theories came up for discussion to-day with Lila. In the unprejudiced simplicity of her youth, she accepted heartily the rationality of Mohan's views and moreover the open and yet strong nature of Mohan had already drawn Lila's implicit faith in the honesty of his principles. Mohan's own

manner of dressing his person formed one of the lighter topics.

"You know there is a cry among our people against what they call your heathen practices,'' said Lila.

"Why, do they object to my shaving the face daily?—"

"And to your not putting on the caste-mark,—"

"And to my habit of cosmopolitan eating,—"

"And indeed to all that you do, "concluded Lila with a little laugh.

"They don't like my wearing trousers even, but what is your opinion of all this, Lila?"

"Trousers are quite well adapted for cycling and your shaving keeps you clean and trim," replied Lila.

"And I cut my hair short, for that facilitates my bath," Mohan justified himself.

"But they call you an irreligious person if not an outcaste," put in Lila.

"And don't you think that religion consists in something other than these trivialities?"

"Oh, of course, but we have to yield to what they call the sentiments of our people, till we get to be independent ourselves," replied Lila. Mohan was cheered to see his wife at one with him in all his principles and he admired her prudence in advising a yielding spirit towards their people till they became independent themselves.

(To be continued.)

Our Puzzle Columns

TWO prizes, one of Rs. 15, and one of Rs. 10, will be awarded to those competitors who secure most marks in the solution of our puzzles in six months. Subscribers only can compete. Each competitor must give his name, his address, and his serial number. It has been already clearly stated that answers *must* be on a post card. In spite of this many competitors persist in sending their solutions in letter form. In this month's competition, and in all future months, we shall simply neglect any answers not written on a post card. The editor's decisions are final. Answers must be addressed to the Editor, c/o Messrs. T. S. Subramania & Co., 32, Armenian Street, Madras.

Marks awarded for these Solutions of earlier Puzzles that were received too late for mention in February issue.

Marks	Name.	Serial No.
6	Dasai Kalidas Dahyabhai, Bulsar.	1929
3	Joseph, Mavlikara.	1954
2	Bimal Kanti Roy Choudhury, Jessore.	1941

Marks for Solutions of January Puzzles.

	Name	Serial No.
4 Marks	Krishna Deva Prasad, Patna City	... 1663
,,	Desai Kaliadas Dahayabhai, Bulsar	... 1929
,,	S. W. A. Ananta Raja, Mysore	... 2273
,,	M. Ramakrishnan, Madras	... 2192
,,	S. Venkataraman, Kumbakonam	... 2140
,,	Nemai Susam, Bijnor	not found
,,	C. Chandrasekhar, Hyderabad (Deccan)	... 1293

3 Marks	Sh. Sardar Mohamad, Sitapur	... 1557
"	B. P. Samuel, Bangalore	... 481
"	S. A. Gaffor Razvie, Bankipur	... 1964
"	R. Sankarn, Madras	... 2193
"	Bhagavat Prasad	not found
"	J. Jaganada Sastry, Coconada	... 1919
"	K. Sankunny Menon, Eranaculam	... 1871
"	Manajua Nath Ghose, Rangpur	... 283
"	Joseph, Mavlikara	... 1954
"	E. K. Lakshnamana Row, Eranaculam.	... 2262
"	A. K. Krishnaswamy, Trichinapoly.	1728
"	Prem Shanker Dhagat, Jubbalpore.	2279
2 Marks	Raja Aiyar, Nandyal	... 2137
"	Ambika Prasad Misra, Morar	... 2010
"	C M. Kamdar, Jetpur	... 2287
"	Union Library, Negapatam	... 2144
"	P M. Pattabrama Chetty, Salem	... 2128
"	F. F. Aaron, Rentachintala	... 570
"	P. L. Ramanatha Rao, Madras	... 2240
"	Ajodhia Nath Bhatt, Agra	... 1537
"	P R. Sathiavageswara Aiyar, Madura	... 1900
1 Mark	Bimalakanta Roy Choudhury, Jessore.	1941
"	Krishnamoorty, Rajmaundry	... 2283
"	P. V. Chari, Madras	... 1951

Solutions to January Puzzles.

1. Rose, hose, rise, rope, Ross.

II. Strain.

III. Here are many correct solutions. One is as follows.—The women began by selling at the rate of three a penny, at this rate the first ten pennyworth, the second eight pennyworth, and the third seven pennyworth. The first then had three apples left, the second five, and the third six. These were sold at a penny each.

IV. Before a good man the shadow of virtue goes; after him a bad man a cloud of darkness throws.

V.

M
A I R
E S S E X
D R E S D E N
G O T T I N G E N
M I S S I S S I P P I
B E R K S H I R E
H A L I F A X
A P P L E
A P E
I

In certain places other words do equally well, and have, therefore, been counted correct.

Puzzles for March.

I. Riddle.

One moment both live and die,
And yet so very old am I
That none my age e'er yet came nigh.
Unequal steps to me belong,
One moment short, another long,
One minute will my name unmask,
You have my leave the same to ask.

II. Arithmetical Puzzle.

My first and my last are the same; subtract my first from my last, and you get my second; multiply my last by ten, and you get my third; divide my first by my last, and you have my fourth; and if you are my whole you must be very merry.

III. Rebus.

Take four initials from the winds and then order place; then in an instant you will find what oft we glad embrace.

IV. Charades. (1) (*a*) known to prisoners, bees, monks, and poets. (*b*) The reader, (*c*) a well-loved and well-hated English politicial. Whole : "a hard elastic compound used for ivory."

(II) (*a*) The roof and crown of a man, (*b*) Illusion. (Whole) Bowlers' delight.

No solution will be accepted except on post cards. If necessary more than one postcard may be sent, but they must arrive at the same time.